

SONGS, CHORUSSES,

&c. &c.

IN THE NEW COMIC OPERA OF THE

BLACK DOMINO,

In Three Acts.

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre Royal, Covent Garden,

On FRIDAY, FEB. 16, 1838.

**The whole of the Original Music by
AUBER;**

And arranged for the English Stage, by EDWARD J. LODER.

LONDON:

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEON, Mr. WILSON.
JULIAN, Mr. MANVERS.
LORD BURLY,	 Mr. STRICKLAND.
PICO, Mr. W. J. HAMMOND.
MELCHIOR, Mr. CGLLET.

Guests, Servants, &c.

ANGELA, Miss SHIRREFF.
ESTELLE, Mrs. SERLE,
URSULA, Mrs. EAST.
LADY WARDEN, Mrs. GARRICK.
JACINTHA, Miss P. HORTON.]

THE WHOLE OF THE MUSIC
IN THE
BLACK DOMINO,

IS PUBLISHED BY
D'ALMAINE & Co.,
20, SOHO SQUARE,

Where may be had the
Overture and Select Airs,

Arranged by BURROWES.

THE BOLERO,
Arranged - - by BNIGMULLER.

THE AROGONAISE,
Arranged - - by WINEBERGER.

QUADRILLES, - by - MUSARD.

WALTZES, - - by - - STRAUSS.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

TRIO.—*Angela, Estelle, and Leon.*

Angela to Estelle.

Your order was exact.

Estelle.

Oh ! yes, rely on me.

Angela.

And at twelve o'clock the coach will attend !

Leon (aside.)

'Tis she !

Angela.

On this spot then our meeting shall be,
At that hour our stay must end,
By delay we are lost, overwhelm'd with disgrace.

Estelle.

I know it well !

Angela.

How the thought chills my heart !

Estelle.

Fie ! sister fie ! your courage brace—
Where all things wear a happy face,
In the *bolero* will gaily play our part.

Angela and Estelle (together.)

Oh ! pleasure enchanting,

Oh ! beautiful sight !

My bosom is panting

To share the delight.

Leon.

Oh ! pleasure enchanting,
Oh ! rapturous night !
My bosom is panting
With secret delight !

Angela.

No soul is near us.

Estelle.

Yes ; slyly there.
Lies one can o'er hear us.

Angela.

A man ! Beware !

Estelle.

No, no, yon need not fear.

Angela.

He sleeps—he sleeps !

Estelle (retires to bring her.)

Come near.

Leon (aside.)

No doubt he sleeps ; so happy are his dreams.

Estelle (looking close at him.)

A handsome youth he seems—
Just take a peep, I pray.

Angela (approaching.)

Ah ! 'tis Leon.

Estelle.

Leon !

Angela.

The young cavalier
Who was so good to us last year.

Estelle.

Are you sure, quite sure of what you say ?

Angela.

Quite ; I should have known him at a glance.

Estelle.

No doubt—but it was not
My happy lot,
To be his partner in the dance.

Leon (aside.)

Oh ! happy, happy lot.

Angela and Estelle (together.)

Like that, how enchanting
Is this happy night,
My bosom is panting
To share the delight.

Leon.

Oh ! pleasnre enchanting,
Oh ! rapturous night !
My bosom is panting
With secret delight !

Estelle (looking towards the Ball Room.)

Hark ! at the signal's stirring sound,
Alone unpair'd shall we be found,
Nor mingle in the merry round.

Angela.

Stay yet awhile.

Estelle.

And why ?

Angela.

Remain, if you are wise,
More safely by-and-by,
We may avoid all curious eyes,
Tarry here.

Estelle.

I do as I am told,
But really we must be a little bold.

Angela.

Sister, no—
All the show,
From hence we may behold.

Estelle.

Oh ! how gay !

Angela.

Oh ! happy chance !

If I dared—no, no, I fear to advance.

COUPLET.

My glowing cheek, my heart's tumultuous beating,
Warn me to shun his sight, yet in I go,
One parting look, since Fate denies our meeting,
He sleeps, he sleeps, and he will never know.

Estelle.

Hear, sister hear the lively *bolero*.

Angela.

What a pattering they make,
He surely will awake,—
Unlucky *bolero* !

Estelle.

Oh ! charming *bolero* !

Angela and Estelle (together.)

No, no, he will not wake—

What can it really mean,
That slumber should o'ertake
A youth in such a scene !

That he should thus forsake
The happy throng around !
Oh ! never shall we break
A sleep so very sound.

Leon (aside.)

Why would they see me wake,
So bright my dream hath been,
What pleasure could I take
Amid the festive scene ?
No, still my heart would ache,
Tho' all is joy around,
The bliss should I forsake,
Which now that heart hath found.

Angela.

Ah ! why still, alas ! do I fear ?

Leon (as if asleep.)

Thine image ever dear,

Before me still I see.

Angela.

He sleeps ; yet he dreams of me.

COUPLET.

I'm very sure no sinful intent brought me hither,
And of me some remembrance might I not bestow ?
If these sweet flowers I could leave him, ere they wither—
He sleeps, he sleeps, and never will he know.

Angela and Estelle (together.)

No, no, he will not wake, &c.

Leon.

Ah ! wherefore should I wake, &c.

AIR.—*Angela.*

Like a Fairy pursuing

Thy footsteps, I'll be—

A sylph, thy path with roses strewing,

My happy task each day renewing.

Yet no return will ask of thee,

Whose heart can never beat for me.

Yes, I will cherish ever

A mission so divine,

My fond, my sole endeavour,

Whatever lot be mine,

That peace and cloudless joy

May evermore be thine.

Every murmur suppressing.

For thy sake will I bear

To hear, no fond regret confessing,

Thy bridal vow, thy bridal blessing,

And still my truest, warmest prayer,

Thy bride with thee alike shall share.

Oh ! I will cherish, &c.

Leon.

No more then, I complain,
We shall meet once again.

Angela.

Since my word I have pledged.

Leon.

'Tis the day—name the hour.

Angela.

'Tis not yet—not yet in my power,
And when you hear,
You'll not be , I fear.

Leon.

When ladies smile, with truth I say it,
Or when they won't, I ne'er betray it.

And since my tongue you tie,

Prithee say,

For you may

What dangerous conception.

As yet should any secrecy!

On what happy sentence should I vaunt my discretion.

Together.

Hark, hark, the dancing &c.

Why should the dancing &c.

Angela.

What do I hear?

It cannot be the time—and yet I fear—

By yonder clock—and yet I vow

'Tis twelve is striking now.

Leon.

It cannot be—no, no, it cannot be,

Angela.

Yes, yes—they all agree,

I'm lost, for ever lost—what shall I do?

And my companion too—

Where, oh! where can she be? I see her not—

Oh! night of woe!

The hour, like me she, has forgot.

Leon.

The event not long ago.

Angela.

Alas ! am I then left alone ?

Leon.

By a plot we had laid,
Have you both been betray'd—
Forgive, oh ! forgive me the risk I have run.

Angela.

Oh ! fatal delusion !

Leon.

Ah ! what have I done ?

Angela and Leon (Together).

Ev'ry danger assailing,
All care unavailing,
To shelter my failing,
The worst I may dare,
No longer respected,
My folly detected,
Alone, unprotected,
I fly to despair.

What the danger attracting,
That thus unavailing,
To shelter my failing,
Must be every care,
She leaves me neglected,
My darkness detected,
No longer respected,
And doom'd to despair.

Leon.

Yet can I now my wrongs repair—
Will not your heart in me confide ?

Angela.

Honor.

Leon.

Oh ! listen to my prayer.

Angela.

Away, I must begone alone.

Drowsy mortals wake !
 Once again,
 Raise the joyous strain—
 Husbands all,
 On you we call,
 Your drowsy fits forsake—
 While our song
 In the festive throng
 Shall chase away,
 At break of day,
 The sleep ye fain would take,—
 Night alone is the season for joy,
 Night then let us enjoy.

Julian.

The precious hours others spend in sloth,
 Glass in hand, with friends around,
 To social joys we thus devote,
 Where merry hearts alone are found.

Omnes.

Loud and long, &c.

Julian (aside.)

Thus far, thus well,—fate is kind, I own—
 Lord Burly (husbands oft are blind)
 Convinced his lovely wife had flown,
 Could scarce believe his eyes, to find
 The bird was safe at home.

Aloud. How now, Jacintha dear,
 Haste, the festive board prepare !
 Yet Leon, say—

Chorus.

Not here !

Julian.

Nay, Cavaliers, banish every fear,
 True love, 'tis said, can live on air !

Omnes.

Loud and long,
 Let our song, &c.

Julian.

Ah ! me, what enchanting grace !

Omnes.

How fair,—how beautiful her face !

Jacintha.

'Tis my cousin, (*aside*) your courtsey make !
She came, sir, when you were away,—

Omnes.

And cannot hence, till morning break—
So, maiden fair, here must thou stay.

Angela.

My thanks accept, kind Cavalier !
Aside.) I sink with fear,—I sink with fear.

Jacintha.

Be not alarmed !

Omnes.

Her name ?

Jacintha.

Margarita !

Julian and Chorus.

Charms, how inviting,
Each grace uniting,
Homage to beauty here let us pay—
Until the morning,
Brightly is dawning,
Fair Margarita, here must thou stay.

DUET—*Julian and Angela.*

Whence dost thou come, dear maid ?

Angela.

Far distant is my home.

Julian.

My servant wilt be, dear maid ?

Angela.

Senor ! for that I come ;

Julian.

Then say, thou'lt not refuse me,
No toiling here you'll find.

Angela.

'Twere hard, methinks to choose me,
A place more to my mind.
I thank you, that you've kindly
Welcomed me to-night,—
But ne'er again will blindly
Your gallantry excite.

Julian.

Thy looks say thou art shy!

Angela.

That, no one can gainsay!

Julian.

I read it in thine eye!

Angela.

Nay then I'll turn away;

Julian.

Remember, I have told thee
As servant to remain.

Angela.

Ah! soon perhaps you'll scold me,
And send me home again.
I thank you, that you've kindly
Welcomed me to-night, &c.

Jacintha.

No more of this,—good senor, cease, I pray—
No work is done, while we talk here all day.

Julian.

'Tis well!—now gaily we will quaff our sparkling wine.

Jacintha.

To the cellar, follow me;

Julian.

No heroine, faith is she!

Omnes.

As escort, we our aid will lend.

Angela.

No, no, kind sirs, it cannot be—
With dear Jacintha I'll descend.

Julian and Chorus.

Charms how inviting, &c.

Jacintha and Angela aside.

What adulation,
For a flirtation,
Gay cavaliers, vainly you sue,—
For when the morning
Brightly is dawning,
Poor Margarita,—bids you adieu !

SONG and CONCERTED PIECE.

Omnes.

Attention, all !

Julian.

The song now let us hear ;

Julian.

Do not fear !

Julian.

Which this fair damsel Margarita,—

Leon.

Margarita !

Julian.

Has kindly volunteered to sing.

SONG,—*Angela.*

A dark eyed maid (thus runs the tale as told to me)

Full of grace

In form and face

Once there chanced to be ;

And lovers soon, some sincere, some from motives worse

Came to woo

For they knew

She was rich in purse.

First came a muleteer, —
 Next, a solemn alguazil,—
 Then, a gallant musqueteer.
 Vow'd submission to her will ;
 Each spoke of lover's hearts,

Fra la !

Pierced thro' by Cupid's darts,

Fra la !

But vain were all their arts,

Fra la !

For this same dark eyed maid
 While they their homage paid,

Thus she replied,—

Gay cavaliers, if indeed you truly love me,

Hear me now,

Tell you how

A bride I soon may be,

This hand, which lovers oft have press'd,

I'll give to him who dances best !

Leon (aside.)

'Tis she—the same enchanting creature !

Beauty and grace in every feature !

Her dulcet voice strikes on my ear,

Like murm'ring zephyrs soft and clear.

{Julian, Jacintha and Chorus.

Ah ! what a sweet enchanting creature !

Beauty and grace, &c.

Angela second verse.

Each anxious swain, thus it is the tale runs on,

Ceased to sue

When he knew

How she might be won—

And castanet in hand, soon with all his might,

Pirouette,

And poussette,

Practis'd day and night !

Soon the muleteer, pedro,

Caper'd in the bolero,

While the alguazil,—ha ! ha !
 Figured in the Cachuccha !
 One alone in the throng,

Fra la !

Gazing on her so long,

Fra la !

Danced every figure wrong,

Fra la !

Yet was the reason plain,—
 Love had near turn'd his brain—
 This, the maid knew,

For when the youth as he ventur'd her hand to press,
 Softly sigh'd,

“ Be my bride,”

She bl'ish'd, and murmur'd, yes !
 And her fair hand, it may be guess'd,
 She gave to him, who lov'd her best !

Leon.

'Tis she,—the same &c.

Julian, Jacintha and Chorus,

Ah ! what grace, &c.

Julian.

She's gone !

Angela.

Nay, sirs, your distance keep !

Omnes.

It cannot be—thy lips, fair maid !

Angela.

I could, e'en now, with terror weep !

Omnes.

— Must heal the wound those eyes have made.

Leon (aside.)

Her much lov'd form I surely see !
 Yet in that dress—it cannot be.

Omnes.

This coyness 'tis vain to affect
 From one of us, a lover self.

Leon.

It is not she—no, no, it cannot be !

Omnes.

One kiss,—one little kiss—

Angela.

Nay, sirs, give o'er !

Omnes.

One kiss !

Angela.

Save me, I implore !

Leon.

'Tis she !

Jacintha.

What's this I see ?

Omnes.

Jacintha here !

Hush ! demure let's appear,

While her cousin is near.

Jacintha.

The tables sir, is now prepar'd for drink and play,—

Julian.

Wine and dice, both, you say ?

Jacintha.

Here you'll find ;

Julian.

Then away !

To drink and play,

Now haste away !

Leon.

Yes, yes, it tis she I behold once more,
With rapture I gaze on the form I adore !

Julian and Chorus.

Our hopes for the present we must give o'er—
The future may have better fortune in store.

FINALE,—*Angela.*

Beware, rash man, beware !

Pico.

Good saints, what form is there ;

Angela.

Hope once more to me returning,
Smiling comes my breast to cheer,—
Hence soon my footsteps turning,
I'll bid adieu to every fear.

Pico.

All my hair stands on end,
While I tremble with fear—
And I feel that my end
Must be fast drawing near.

Angela.

Rise, Pico, rise !

Pico.

My name she knows ;

Angela.

Porter of the convent,
Thy neglect, thy tricks, I'll expose !

Pico.

Oh, no ! oh, no !

Angela.

To me give up, which thou no more may'st hold,
Thus my anger alone can'st thou hope to appease !

Pico.

Take them quick, for I tremble with fear—no! with cold.

Angela.

Hope once more, &c.

Pico.

All my hair, &c.

Angela.

Hark ! I hear
Footsteps near.

Jacintha.

No one is near,
The coast is clear.

Angela.

Holy virgin, deign direct me,
In thy power I confide,—
With thy favor, oh ! protect me,
And my wandering footsteps guide.

Julian and Chorus (aside)

This way he came
With some fair dame
A rendezvous no doubt to hold—
One moment more
Our doubts are o'er,
This strange affair we will unfold.

Leon.

This way, this way, senora !
Unknown I've ventur'd here ;—

Jacintha.

What can he want with me ?

Leon.

In mercy, I implore,
Your name conceal no more !
Speak, no one is near—
Lady, trust in me !
What do I see ?

Omnes..

'Tis Jacintha !

Leon.

Some mystery's here
And she, I fear,
My anxious search again has fled,—
While in this breast
My doubts oppress'd,
My fears yet live ; my hopes are dead.

Jacintha.

The case is clear
That saucy jeer
Is clearly meant for you or me—
But masters must
Of course come first,
The honor then your own shall be.

Julian, Burly and Chorus.

The mystery's clear
Our cavalier
A maid has found, but not his own,
For in the dark
He miss'd his mark,
And from her cage the bird is flown!

Leon.

And yet without a word,
She cannot thus have left me!

Jacintha.

The case is clear. &c.

Julian.

The mystery's &c.

Omnes.

A man!!

Jacintha (agitated).

'Tis Pico, sirs—

Who happen'd just by chance
To call— and kindly volunteer'd,
While I your supper cook'd,
To—turn the spit.

Julian (aside, laughing).

Ha! ha! the fib

Does credit to her wit!

Leon.

Fatal chance—cruel fortune!

Julian (aside, laughing).

Since evil spirits sure,
Poor Leon's steps pursues—
Thus again to be doom'd,
His fair mistress to lose!

Julian &c.
The mystery's &c.

Jacintha.
The case &c.

Pico.
I shake with fear,
I saw it here !
A goblin black, with horns and hoof,
I smelt him too,
As up he flew,
And made his exit through the roof !

Leon.
She's fled, for ever fled !
Each spot I've search'd in vain—
Farewell, farewell dear maid,
We ne'er shall meet again.

Julian. Explain.

Leon. It almost mocks belief,
But once again this sylph or goblin sprite,
Who scorns my love—and mocks my grief.

Julian. Your fair unknown.

Leon. Once more I've seen.

Julian. To night.

Leon.
'Neath thy roof in disguise, how strange thus to meet her!
As thy servant here waiting.

Julian.
Margarita !
Jacintha's pretty cousin ! is this true !

Jacintha.
Every word—

Julian.
And this you knew ?

Jacintha.
The maiden, much I fear'd
Was not what she appear'd—

Leon.
Speak—my doubts quick dispel—
Her name ?

Jacintha.

I cannot tell.

Julian.

She's not thy cousin !

Jacintha.

No, *senor*, no !

From Seville comes not ?

Julian.

Oh ! dear, no !

Her name you know not—

Jacintha.

No, no, no !

No—once more no !

Neither her rank, nor her name,

Do I know.

Leon (to Julian).

Our doubts must e'en remain

She nothing knows !

Julian.

She nothing knows !

Lord Burly.

She nothing knows—

Pico.

She nothing knows !

Leon.

All my thoughts thus confusing,

My fond hopes thus abusing,

Each form at her own choosing

She takes, then turns to air—

Yet in spite her power,

Our resolve shall not cower,

Again the house we'll scour,

To find this elfin fair !

Now away

Let's repair,

To secure

This elfin fair.

Julian and Chorus.

All our plans thus confusing,
 By my faith 'tis amusing,
 Each form at her own choosing, &c.

Jacintha.

All his thoughts thus confusing,
 His fond hopes thus abusing, &c.
 First 'neath the form of a courtly maiden,
 Under this roof she first appear'd—

Julian.

Then in the guise of a poor peasant maiden,
 With tuneful voice, our feast she cheer'd—

Pico.

And as for me my oath I'll take,
 Both horn and hoof,
 And taill she had, and no mistake.

Julian and Chorus.

All our plans thus confusing, &c.

Leon.

All my thoughts, &c.

Jacintha.

All his thoughts, &c.

END OF SECOND ACT.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

SONG.—Estelle.

'Mid gloomy walls and grated windows,
 No pious maiden any sin does,
 But when our tongues are once in train,
 Matins, vespers, ring in vain.

Renouncing vile and worldly pleasures
 For charity and heavenly treasures,
 At each slip, each peccadillo, how we rail !
 Under the veil, my pretty lasses,
 Time thus delightfully passes
 Under the veil.

Lovely our looks, our faces hidden,
 When to the parlour we are bidden,
 There in the glass, ere we retire,
 Sidelong our beauty we admire,
 Profaner flatteries forgetting,
 And sweetly with ourselves coquetting,
 At each slip, each peccadillo, how we rail !
 Under the veil, &c.

AIR.—*Angela.*

Oh ! what a night !
 Each sound and sight
 Have fill'd me with affright !
 Disaster and despair
 Every where !

Now muskets clattering I hear,
 And presently when drawing near,
 " Qui Vive ! or Who goes there ?"
 Of soldiers then I hear the tread,
 A tipsy sergeant at their head,
 Beneath a portico all vainly then I fled ;
 As if to judge me for my fault,
 All suddenly they make a halt !
 While trembling I,
 Deserted in my need forlornly cry
 Good sergeant march away,
 For truth to say,

Most harmless is my case—
 Halt not there,
 But prithee spare

A poor little nun from disgrace !
 My martial men
 Marched off, and then
 A trencher, cap, and gown,
 The terror of the town.

As he drew nigh,
 Cried do not fly,
 A scholar I,
 Who till your home you reach,
 Would fain to you his little learning teach;
 I could not think of such a thing,
 For poets say,
 And well they may,
 "A little learning is a dangerous thing."
 Then grant me, miss,
 One little kiss,
 A favour I will ne'er abuse.
 Yes, yes, one kiss.
 One little kiss,
 And how could I refuse?
 And tho' he smuggled two,
 What could I do?
 But cry in such a case,
 Oh! forbear!
 And prithee spare
 A poor LITTLE NUN from disgrace!

RECITATIVE.

But I thank my good stars! I am now safe at last,
 From threat of men at arms, or kiss of learned clerk,
 Yet little have I gained from all my dangers past;
 And my fortune to come, how perplexing and dark!

CAVATINA.

Love our rest invading,
 Holy vows degrading,
 Brightest days of sunshine o'ershading.
 Coming but to grieve me,
 Charm and then deceive me,
 To my once happy thoughts, oh! leave me.
 Go wicked boy,
 The worldling's toy,
 From these devout abodes depart!
 He mocks my pains,
 He still remains.
 I feel him at my heart.

In that young heart shall peace no more abide,
Betray'd by thee whose power I long defied ?

Love our. &c.

Away ! away !—no care I knew,
My heart was free,
Till snared by thee—
For ever then, Adieu !

CONCERTED PIECE.

Chorus of Nuns.

Dear ! only think—
Our Abbess is not well—
My grief I cannot tell—
She has not slept a wink.
And then on such a day,
The deal she has to do !
We really all must pray
The saints to help her thro'.
But how shall we be sure the news is true ?
Estelle can tell us, dearest sister, you
Have seen the abbess, and the truth can tell,—
They say, that she is piously unwell.

Estelle.

Pray, who could tell you this ?

Chorus.

From our good sister Ursula, we learn it,

Estelle.

Is there ever aught amiss
But Ursula is foremost to disurn it ;
Dont vex your sisters, she's better now :

Three Nuns.

She's better now,—well that is charming.

Three others.

And she can now pronounce her vow ;

Three others.

And we, on such a proud occasion,
Shall all attend the rich array ;

Three others.

And afterwards the grand collation—
A most magnificent display.

Three others.

Great folks from court, and nun and priest
All joining in the holy feast.

Estelle.

What wondrous agitation,
About a cold collation.

Chorus.

Oh ! what a day !—oh, what a happy day !
Our saint hath really charm'd her malady away ;
For our belov'd abbess, be our prayers still rais'd,
And for this bless'd miracle ! our saint be prais'd.

Ursula.

Sisters ! a knocking at the gate I hear,
Where is the key ?

Estelle.

Sister, 'tis with me,

Ursula.

How happens that ?

Estelle.

'Tis very safe you see.

All.

How now ! you look disturb'd my dear,
What brings you here ?

Gertrude.

You soon will know,—
There's something wrong, which time will shew ;
The abbess may explain.

Ursula.

The abbess must appear,
Tis strange she does not come,

Estelle.

She's here ! she's here.

Angela.

Dear sisters all, receive my blessing !
Peace in your hearts for ever reign ;
Angels in vigilance unceasing
Your faltering steps sustain.

Chorus and Ursula.

Is she not charming?—piously blessing
 All her dear sisters like a saint,
 After an illness so distressing,
 Yet not one word of her complaint.

How can they bear to hear her blessing?
 Canting as if she were a saint,—
 After an illness, &c.

Ursula.

Ah! signora, how welcome is your presence here!
 You've pass'd a very restless night I fear;

Angela.

Tis true, but why cause needless pain?
 I am this morning; well again.

Ursula.

Happy change!

Angela.

What has happen'd?

Gertrude.

In this holy place,
 Was there e'er such a frightful circumstance before.—
 There's our porter lock'd out, bawling now at the door;

Ursula.

All night abroad! oh! horrible disgrace!
 To think of such a thing, in such a place!

Chorus.

Was ever sisterhood in such a woeful state!
 Oh! terrible disgrace!
 But sisters, lets us talk of it no more,
 Tis not the wisest way our honors to restore;
 Let every tongue be hush'd, and utter no complaint
 In silent respect for our holy saint.

Angela.

Yet a word may suffice
 Very possibly to clear him;
 It sometimes may occur people can't be precise,
 So we'll patiently hear him.

What in his defence said he to you?

Gertrude.
That he was beat
By rogues in the street,—

Angela.
Oh ! what a fib !

Gertrude.
Like a brute, black and blue,—

Angela.
Oh ! what a fib !

Gertrude.
And that bound to the ground
Like a dog he was found,—

Angela.
Oh ! what a fib !

Estelle.
The keys are here,

Angela.
Hush ! hide them, my dear,

Gertrude.
After such an assault,
He could not be in fault.

Angela.
She scorns our fame !
She finds no blame,
Nor sin, nor shame,

Chorus.
He's not to blame.

Gertrude.
Yet what is still more strange, I vow,
Now waiting in the hall, a cavalier
demands to see my lady abbess here.

Angela.
He cannot see her now ; tell him, I pray,
The matin--bells have summon'd us away !
His name ?—

Gertrude.
Is Massarena.

Angela.

Ah ! my fate
Draws that we should meet. Then let him wait.

Ursula.

Whoever could expect
He would produce such an effect !

Angela.

On me ?—not at all. Now Fate befriend
A trembling victim.

Estelle.

Hark ! we must attend !

Chorus.

Hark ! matin-bells are ringing
Our orisons then singing,
On this important day,
For our honor let us pray.

CHANT.

Vain enjoyments of earth
That frail mortals excite,
Ah ! how poor is your worth,
To our holy delight !
Then invoking the balm
Pure devotion imparts
Every passion will calm,
And give peace to our hearts.

FINALE.

*Angela, Estelle, Ursula, La Fourriere, Leon, Julian,
Lord Burly, and Chorus.*

Angela.

My friends and sisters dear !
By the Queen's supreme decree,
All charge I here resign,
Your abbess I must never be—
And, by her high command,
I place in this, our sister's hand,
This emblem of her power.

Chorus.

Oh ! cruel chance, Oh ! sad decree !

Angela.

Yes, even from this hour,
We must as strangers be !

The Queen this day has deign'd direct,
That I a husband should select.

Lord Burly (aside).

A husband ! faith, a strange decree !
One thing is sure,—she can't choose me,
Thanks be to Lady B. !

Angela.

Say Leon, say ! this heart is thine !
My husband wilt thou be ?

Leon.

Ha !

Leon, Angela, and Chorus (together).

'Tis she ! Oh, happy hour !

Ah ! what joy—what delight !

A slave to love's soft power,

To thee this heart I plight !

No more dark clouds shall lower,

To chequer our delight !

A mortal—from this hour

I ne'er will quit thy sight.

Enslav'd by love's soft power,

Their vows of love they plight.

May no dark clouds e'er lower,

To chequer their delight !

Leon.

Thine, fond and true, this loving heart shall prove me !

Say, why my search hast thou so oft defied ?

To me this secret deign, oh ! deign confide.

Angela.

My heart's fond secret hear—I dearly love thee !

Leon.

Thus then I claim the as my beauteous bride !

Angela.

No more dark clouds, &c.

Leon.

'Tis she ! oh, happy hour, &c.

Chorus.

Enslav'd by love's &c.

END OF THE OPERA.